The background of the book cover is a photograph of a serene landscape. In the foreground, there is a body of water with gentle ripples. In the middle ground, a dense line of green trees separates the water from the background. On a hill in the background, a large, multi-colored castle or fort is perched. The sky is blue with some light clouds.

Words And Vibes

Selected Kashmiri Poems Translated
By
Arvind Shah

ABOUT THE BOOK :

This is translation of selected Kashmiri poems into English language. The book includes poems of Swache Kral, Parmanand, Krishna Joo Razdan, Master Zinda Kaul, Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor, Dina Nath Nadim, Rahman Rahi, Moti Lal Naz and Bal Krishen Sanyasi. These poets are some of the prominent signatures on the creative poetry of Kashmiri Language. The book has six parts, first part comprises of the poems of more than one poet and each of the next four parts is designated to a poet. The sixth part is translation of some folklores. The book contains 62 famous poems and 13 popular folklores. The limitations and challenges of translations in this book are met, not to lose the virtues of the original.

Compliments From

Vivendes Dame

✓

WORDS AND VIBES

Selected Kashmiri Poems Translated
By
Arvind Shah

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DEDICATED TO
MY PARENTS

Some of the poems translated by me in this book were often recited by my father late Shri Janki Nath Shah, he remembered lot many Kashmiri poem and quoted an appropriate couplet in the routine of his conversations.

My mother Smt. Shanta Shah read and recited many Kashmiri hymns of Lal Ded, Krishna Joo Razdan and Parmanand.

She has been a favourite story teller to children, narrated episodes from Hindu scriptures and folk literature in lucid and easy manner.

G.M. College of Education
Raipur, Pantalab
Jammu.

Acc No.....

Dated

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TRANSLATORS NOTE

The translation of the selected poems of Kashmiri language, in this book is driven by my belonging to my motherland and mother tongue : the land and the language that has given me the ground to grow since my birth. I live the thought and sentiment of my motherland and keeping it alive, the poems are translated into English language.

The thought and sentiment of my translations are in tune with the original is an assessment of the reader?

PREFACE

This book of translation of select kashmiri poems is product of my urge for kashmir: kashmiri culture, language and literature, which I want to live, and share to reach out to more.

Home Urge

I sing praise in live tone
for air, water, soil and every stone –
sing for each tree in the woods
for “Foods will last when woods will last¹”
sing a song for every lady of the land
for “Womanhood holds the virtue of garland.²”
But averse to find rhyme with turbulent time
“I die many a time to live life of mine³”
believe: “Shrill will melt for blooming spring⁴”
high spirits, lively – lovely tones again to bring
am certain to find the lost home:
my love cannot end and I hope -
live life of peace and virtue
as Lal⁵ recites, to give a Clue.

Kashmiri poetry has had a role in developing my emotions for enrichment of life.

This book is an attempt to bring to readers, the sensitivities and sentiments of kashmiri poetry in English language as perceived and presented by the poets.

A poem is a sprouting bud of emotions on the twig of

¹ sheikh noor-ud-din noorani

² rasul mir

³ rahman rahi

⁴ mahjoor

⁵ the greatest poetess of kashmir

rationale, and Kashmiri poetry in the same paradigm is spontaneity of the fragrance, to fill the breeze with the scent for spiritual urge, romantic feelings and revolutionary ethos – it is expressions portraying, artistry of nature and passions of living.

I had the great support and the privilege to meet, talk and discuss the poems with Prof Rahman Rahi. The discussions improved my imbibing capacity to absorb the fineness of his poems and also in the assimilating the sensitivities of poetry, at large. Similar were my experiences with Mr. Balkrishen Sanyasi and Mr. Moti Lal Naz.

The poems of other poets incorporated in the book have been on my mind for a long time. I have listened to them in music and read them many a time. It is my love for the poems, my love of the language and my love for literature that I have been able to recreate them in English.

I wished to incorporate more poems of more poets in this book, but the desire could not be accomplished, and I keep my hope alive to do it.

Arvind Shah

TRANSLATION

Translating poetry is not purely, a mere literary work. In fact, I believe writing translations of poetry is not an abstract literary work of compiling sentences and composing them in one pattern or the other. Poetry for me is simple expression of thought, sentiment and emotion, which finds its roots in imagination, experience and reason. Writing poetry is, therefore, an expression of spontaneity like sudden sprinkling of water from a fountainhead or an opening of a bud to sprout a flower with the first beam of sunlight. Translating a poem is similar to writing a poem. Reading same poem again and again opens more and more depths of the creativity and relays the feel that has gone in its creation. Reading poetry without the sensitivity to gather the feeling is unjust to the seriousness of reading through the spirit of the poem. Poetry reading, understanding and wearing it on the nerve is joy. It is with this sentiment that I read poems, assimilate them and reproduce them in other language that may be called translation of the poem. Translating a poem is a simple job, what makes it simple is the fact that one has to read the poem, understand the spontaneity in the poem, imagine the state of mind of the poet, note - the style, the manner and the mood in which the poem has come up. And then assimilate the attitude of the poet towards the subject, capture the fragrance and aura that is spread by the poem. A poet creates spirit and soul in the poem and the natural determination to create same fragrance, aura and spirit by recasting the poem in another language as the poet has created in the original is translation of a poem. It is more a relationship of sentiments than the relationship of words. It is a transcendental relationship. It is this, transcendental relationship between the poet, poem and the translator that

helps in creating a close replica of the original poem in a different language. This is the translation of the poem.

Writing poetry does not necessarily mean a strict adherence to the rules of the language, it sometimes becomes a handicap, and going ahead of the rules – creating new fashions in writing is a character of poetry writing and poetry translation. I, as a translator / poet, feel free to experiment with words / language for writing poetry and also for writing the translations of the poems, and it is then for the sensitive reader to decide whether the sentiment is being carried in true colour or not. This is one of the characteristics of the poetry that poems are multidimensional in meaning. Multidimensional character of the poems make the poems fit in different scenes to hold relevance in different situations. While translating a poem, it is paramount that in the translation, the dimensions of the poem are not lost.

Punctuation is a very important character of poetry. The punctuation marks help in depicting the sound patterns and the need to pause while reading, to help the situation assimilation and also the feel of the poem. The translator must be very perceptive about the use of the punctuation in the original and the translation.

Translation of a poem is recreation of the original in another language. The literary substitutes – nouns, verbs, adjectives does not need to be put in place as an engineering drawing situation. Adopting such mechanical procedures harm the creativity of the translator and thus the translation as well. Abstract dictionary substitutes sometimes damage the translation. However visiting dictionaries and thesaurus for studying the character and connotations of a word is a help. Translation is an active creativity. There must be a close relationship of creativity between the original writer and the translator for a successful translation work. It is the

relationship of sentiment between the poet and the translator through the medium of poems that give the intuition to the translator to use similar language pattern and expressions as in the original.

Translation is not writing a purport or an interpretation or a comment based on the essence drawn by the translator. Translation is a phenomenon of recreating the poem in as close a manner as possible to the original. It is therefore obligatory for the translator to try to use similar class of words that may or may not be the dictionary substitutes, and then evolve an insight to adopt similar meter, similar rhyming pattern, similar sentence structure and above all the culture and the gravity of the poem as in the original.

Translation also has its dimensions, in certain cases, it may be required, for carrying on, the sentiment of the original that an additional couplet, phrase or idiom etc is added befitting the same style and the pattern as that of the original, similarly it may be required to synchronize an expression. These types of interventions in recreating the poem in a different language are skill, and need to be done with a very careful involvement with the subject both by sentiment and by sensitivity. The addition or synchronization must bear intimate relationship fitting the form and style of the original creation so as to carry the substance and sentiment closely and successfully, lest it should be a burden and baggage or a missing link with the original. I have done these experiments when there was a need.

It is the determination of the poet to bring forth his poem in rhyme or blank verse or any other form and style of poetry. There is a cause, process and a phenomenon that the poet knows the best to determine his style and form of poems. And I believe that the translator has no authority or the right to change the form and style of the poem from the original to

the style and form of his convenience in translation. I believe translators shall try to be determinedly conscious to maintain the style and form as close as possible to the style and form of the original. When the poem is flat it shall be translated flat, and when the poem is open ended and multidimensional, it shall be translated in same fashion.

Translating a poem does in no way give the mandate to the translator to limit the expressions of the original to his understanding. A piece of creative art is not to find a standard meaning. A creative activity is successful when it possesses multidimensional relevance and stands the strides of time. This happens when the meanings are spread and broad based and invoke a desire to find and look into. In a piece of creativity meanings are to be discovered and it is in this effort of discovery that the relationship between the creative art work and the individual is established. This relationship between the poem and the individual may vary in intensity and spirit from individual to individual. A piece of creation here a poem as a single identity, keeps a soul and emanates a feeling, and the meaning of the feeling as such is wholesome. A translation shall be a recreation with the spirit and substance – fragrance and aura of the original within its form and style, and shall simultaneously be a complete expression by itself. This is important for assimilating the beauty of the poem in the translation.

Language emerges from the socio- cultural fabric and so does the emotion, imagination and reason. And a piece of literature, here a poem also comes forth in the same fashion, so it carries a hue of the socio-cultural mood. It is therefore character of translating a poem that it will carry a dent in its recreation in a different language. But, I belief that such dents can be made smoother in the recreation, for closer understanding of the poem in another language by studying

and assimilating the socio-cultural fashion of the origin of the poem and the poet. The translator as well as the reader needs to put in work to imbibe the socio-cultural background in which the original poem has taken birth and also the socio-cultural fabric in which it is recreated. Translating without assimilating the socio-cultural fabrics is bound to damage the spirit and substance, and also demean the translation. The simple test of the creativity is whether it touches emotion to look for reason and whether it stands the strides of the time or not. This scrutiny shall hold equal virtue for both the original and the translation. However for pure classifications and mechanical process of assessing a piece of creativity, more than one standard is in place to define a poem and translation. Whatever may be the effort in translation, the variation factor in the original and translation can not be ruled out.

This brief introductory chapter on translation has been earlier written by me and carried on my translation book, "Atal Bihari Vajpayee - Selected Poems"

Arvind Shah

SOME LEGENDS

*"Oh! Myself who am I?
It is – is
but extension of His."*

a verse from a poem of **Soch Kral**

*"Conscious careful dedication
arouses pure devotion
gives the irrigation and heat
to sprout yields in repeat
hope blooms in full colour
the lotus smile to flower."*

a verse from a poem of **Parmanand**

*"The cold winter will go,
the freezing snow will flow.
hope will come to stay.
spring is not far away.
Mehjoor set to tune - the string
love Songs to sing."*

a verse from a poem of **Mehjoor**

*"Waterfalls drop from height
shout aloud to show might
get subdued and done
on reaching the ocean."*

a verse from a poem of **Krishna Joo Razdan**

*"Showcasing to exhibit: open, for a charm of show - is cheap
vessels are lid laden for the food to simmer good to deep."*

a verse from a poem of **Master Zinda Kaul**

SOCH KRAL (1782 To 1854)

A Gazal

Translated as

He and me

Oh! Myself who am I?

It is – is

but extension of His.

When I was born to existence, then

witnessed Moon and Sun

came in as – as to go off

for

It is – is

but extension of His.

Wove multicoloured yarn: oh! - ha!

chanting the name Allah – Allah

realizing the sense therein

for

It is – is

but extension of His.

Nothingness, but still somethingness
nothing keeps something to mean.

nothing reveals the meaningful thing
for
It is – is
but extension of His.

I never believe He is not near
He is with me in-house, here
So who is foe and who is friend¹
for
It is – is
but extension of His.

Oh *Swach Kral*
nothing separate – all Allah: He
I keep on Him to See
for
myself is – is
but extension of His.



¹ In sofi-ism, conflict within the self is the foe and harmony with self is friendship, and when self realises unison with being then the demarcations between a friend and foe vanish.

PARMANAND (1791 To 1879)

Santosh Biyali Bhavi Anand Phal

Translated as

Contentment: The Seeds Of Bliss

The field of activity
be strengthened by spirituality
sow the seed of contentment
for the yield of betterment.

Breath – in and out flow
the pair of oxen on the plough
keep them active to go all around
by a watchful hoot and shout
and be sure: no part is left still
unattended to fall ill.

Arouse a love notion
sentiments of devotion
work to smoothen the earth
level the soil for high worth
lest the wicked moisture
should remain beneath to spoil future.

Why work to make
ridges for compartment's sake
make systems smooth and clean
for a through passage to be seen
a uniform lookout to the field of life
will then circulate the sap without strife.

Favourable time is a span short
full of youthful energies a lot
find time for the virtuous act
put in true efforts direct
sow the seed by good deed
real joys will come indeed.

Keep a single track mind, don't rattle
all the disturbing factors to settle
maintain due level of the sap
leave open no gap
sensuous distractions shall stop
keep them in control a lot.

Conscious, careful dedication
arouses pure devotion
gives the irrigation and heat
to sprout yields in repeat
hope blooms in full colour
the lotus smile to flower.

The animal instincts be kept reined
arrested and duly contained
lest they should get loose and free
eat the ground stocks for no glee
keep the mind in watchful state
the toil of love, not to go in waste.

The field when full of blooming yield:
joys and pleasures come to supersede
but renunciative tool be the instrument
to harvest the crop, and systematically set
make the bundles for betterment
but tie with the knots of little attachment.

Carry the crop loads
with determined holds
near and dear, cousins and brothers
relationships and all others
be the associates to work and make
a team in unison for goodness sake.

Renounce complicities and be one
simplicity will lead to solace then
work for proper possessions to make
heaps of value to take shape
Pleasures: true and no fake
will emerge for the take.

Watchful mind on open field
 attentions fixed not on greed
 focused attention
 with determination
 on the crop of the ground
 gets virtuous value to be found.

Active mind and body smart
 vigilance to keep values intact
 segregate virtues and vices apart
 separate each as a different lot
 be alert and cautious in every pose
 without getting into doze.

Keep the personal store intact
 but, let each have its genuine part
 keep up routines with honesty: fair
 work through peace for the goal is near
 keep a portion for each to share
 without the fear of debts to rear.

Select a portion for seed, and store,
 keep it in care more
 spring - comes, and go for the go
 grain by grain each seed to sow
 have yields fresh and new
 for the circle to continue.

The world is, mirage and trick
be a part of it but – systematic
trim, to throw and shed:
duplicity, for unison to tread
so be a saint to be a saint
maintain the order to be the great.

Virtue discipline is attained wholly
by guru's initiation: really
assimilate His word and act within
make it a duty bound discipline -
the commitment to dutifulness
arouses the Light of Bliss: thus.

Self attains elevation
awakens Bliss: the great possession -
free from prejudice and pride
ill will and biased slide
hold on to the peace of mind
for Bliss to find.

Parmanand a farmer
keeps no debits: whatever
settled all dues: due and fair
none in demand can come near
Now Pure with no disturbance,
having won all the distance
finds the Real Home
to be in no more roam¹.



¹ recycles of birth and death

KRISHNA JOO RAZDAN (1850 To 1926)

Byell Tai Maadal

Translated as

Byell Tai Maadal

Byell¹, Maadal¹, Vyanh¹ and Gulabh¹ in a bouquet
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

Oh Shiva! from your cascading hair flows the Ganga: fair
Bhrama ,Vishno and all Gods stand hand folded in prayer
I bow in your reverence, and pray.

Byell¹, Maadal¹, Vyanh¹ and Gulabh¹ in a bouquet
I offer to Parma Shiva and pray.

Oh benevolent! your love springs up in me, true romance
Master! keep me composed not to lose the real substance
for worldly inconsistencies keep many a trick to lay.

¹ names of flowers and scented herbs

Byell¹, Maadal¹, Vyanh¹ and Gulabh¹ in a bouquet
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.
My love and love to Shiva, Shambu or Shankera: whatever
the call
I keep alive a burning desire in me to have your glimpse:
small
Pray own me, lest I should fall in helpless fray.

Byell, Maadal, Vyanh and Gulabh in a bouquet
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

Beseech: walk with your lotus feet into my being, silently
I surrender and sacrifice every bit of my personality
for your walking in, will get me into bliss, to stay.

Byell, Maadal, Vyanh and Gulabh in a bouquet
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

Oh! Amarnatha – Neelkantha,² I be done on Yee,
for getting me (Krishan) – Your mercy to see
in faithful adoration, I submit to Shiva today

Byell, Maadal, Vyanh and Gulabh in a bouquet
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.



¹ 'I be done on Yee' : May I exhaust to death in prayers to find unison with You!

² shiva in different forms

Kripa Karum Hari Harai

Translated as

Oh Harihara - Be Kind

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

I am tired and old
held under a heavy load
be kind and help to cross
enable me get across.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Waterfalls drop from height
shout aloud to show might
get subdued and done
on reaching the ocean.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Talking and talking gets me into rage
and I reach into a foolish stage
give me the worth of silence, to possess
and be worthy without recess.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Decorated nicely is my plumage stock
look like a charming peacock,
but am humbled to see
the ugly feet with me.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Lord give me your full grace
like the charming dawn on the earth's surface
lest the soul should get me into trouble
to make me into worthless rubble.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Your feelings give ecstasy at the core
get elevation in the instincts four
now - I beg , I beseech and I pray
appear in me as a lucent ray.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Lord three universes, You master,
found am I, of your immenseness -
Oh Shankara,
I am raw un-spun yarn: thin
get me the strength by a true spin.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Get me into enlightenment
to realize eternal betterment
and I be there, in true peace
in blissful stage without cease.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find.

Untie my (Krishna's) hold with spontaneity: more,
to find open, the salvation door
and there be I, with certainty
in bliss till eternity.

Oh benevolent - be kind
my efforts keep little to find



Abhinavguptus Zaarepar

Translated as

A Prayer to Abhinavgupta

Oh benevolent Lord appear
get us your bliss to cheer
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence!

Twelve hundred devotees along with: the tall -
born saint, epitome of disciplines all
went direct to Shiva's abode
eternal peace to attain and adore.

Who else has gone to eternity with physical personification?
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Death could not end your devotees' fate
I salute and submit to you, the Shiva incarnate
you are the true careful caretaker -
defeat and death, cannot take over.

Pray! help me to attain salvation
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Show us the face of your radiance
to wash off our sins, thence
in the pious river, Sind¹, give us, dips a few
to find, our mind, in unison with Shiv.

Get us all our misdemeanours end by your gratification?
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence.

The sacred tracks of Ram Rath², to be tread
by adults and children, true secrets to be read
and there at the mountain top
to get the true secrets lot.

Get the eternal love revelations in simple definitions
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Will pray to Him our craving to sound
He is present everywhere: around
the inner system of conscience then
to get active to realise Supreme unison.

¹ a pious river in kashmir , taking a bath in the river washes sins

² a pilgrimage in Kashmir

This gets us to see ultimate realization!
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence.

The Supreme feelings get forth
welling up of the pious water from the core
all discrimination – high or low
nude or wrapped will go.

This unison washes all sins for Real love affiliation!
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Oh Lord, you are white like camphor all in all
You are the beholder of, Holy Ganga waterfall
we pray, give us the shower of the holy water
to have, and keep the bliss forever.

Devotees to get the holy energy for possession!
as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Oh Lord, the Bhairava (Shiva) we follow you
tread your way, run impatiently after you
get us to the Beru Cave: the eternal gateway
to reach eternity all the way.

I Crave, fulfil my urge to have an immortal nectar
immersion!

as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence.

My miseries have vanished

my despair finished

I have found the way: the Real one to meet:
the place of Shiva's abode and seat.

In the eternal cave, the Lord will welcome
for we have become one!

as Abhinavgupta, the saint scholar, once
did to his devotees by his benevolence.



MASTER ZINDA KAUL (1884 To 1965)

Simran

Translated as

Prayers

Meditative contemplation gave me a token of bliss
oh! lost the possession for lack of resolution, to let it miss.

I have not offered precious pearl oblations in my time: old
how can I, now have a reach to them, blind fold.

Should have treasured it in the warmth of heart, but kept on
show
whom shall I blame now, I, by my deed have pushed myself to
the edge of a bay.
Showcasing to exhibit: open, for a charm of show - is cheap
vessels are lid laden for the food to simmer good to deep.

Since I laid to rest the token, I, in vacuum am lost, thence -
loitering here and there - stall to stall in a gloom of absence.

Now, how do I explain my fearfulness - no easy a task to do
shy, I am to say in daylight, and darkness perplexes me too.

Keep faith and trust, someone will give another for
possession sake

His bliss is never short, He keeps plenty and plenty to give
for a take.

Be certain: He is kind to the faith filled heart to give elation
of a Bliss Ray

go and seek this salient truth from Sudhama¹ calmly, and he
will say.



¹ the friend of lord Krishna, who despite intense poverty kept faith in the love of his friend,
his faith changed his fate

MEHJOOR (1885 To 1952)

Yamberzal

Translated as

Yamberzal

O! Yamberzal, I got into perplex
puzzled to speak and express -
to dawn breeze what shall I tell,
what shall I tell to early dew and spring spell?

Spring sent a word for a call
and I dashed traversing distances all -
spring keeps date for a short spell
summer and shower what shall I tell?

The fresh charms come, keen to know
when blossom charmer will show -
*Bunafcha*¹, *Brangil*¹, *Takebaten*¹ and shrubs all
what shall I tell to their call?

The bird with the anxious heart
seeks from me, the message I got -
any reason I could excuse to him
but what shall I tell to my throb within?

The wind before the dawn went pass steal
send enthusiast's dreams to toss -
such a love robber with zeal deep
what shall I tell him, stealing my sleep?

¹ names of flowers

The hope singer: *Bumbur*¹, kept me live
 but, ah! who is my enemy to get me to wail
 I long for him - what engages him to be late
 what shall I tell to his selfhood and my ill fate?

To freshen up the flowers: the dew comes early
 rejuvenates and leaves the garden quickly -
 such a spirited show of care and nurture
 what shall I tell to the loss of its departure?

I am nonplussed in depression
 sidelined in seclusion -
 eyewitness to the whole show
 but, what shall I tell when I go?

Mehjoor accompanied me, garden to roam
 but do we keep up for the same home -
 I look within and long to meet and merge
 what shall I tell to his union urge?



¹bumblebee

Ati Roz Madanvaro

Translated as

Be There Oh Dear

Be there oh dear
your steps I adore -
hold - just hold oh dear
to hear - me implore!

Oh! sterile respondent
unkind tyrant
kindly turn around to heed
don't inflict hurts: deep.

Oh! I just saw my beloved
told her my miseries aloud
and all my annoyances vanished
got high and elated.

Mehjoor stop, Oh! Dear stop
who is to read this love affair -
hold the warmth in your soul
for love is put to cost and toll.

Be there oh dear
your steps I adore -
hold - just hold oh dear
to hear me implore!



DINA NATH NADIM (1916 - 1988)

He is considered as a poet of revolution and has been a poet of many experiments in Kashmiri poetry. His poetry invokes a sense of national belonging and brotherhood through expressions of hope. Some critics define him to have introduced modern poetry in Kashmiri language. He has also written poems of satire.

*"Sell – sell existence to hard money
earn wealth and riches many
refuse to listen to sense other
refuse to heed to word other
mind your sense to sell and have.....
Be out to sell, what you have
keep your tongue on mortgage
sell your conscience and courage-
it is silly to seek competitive price
every price you get, is nice."*

*a verse from the poem
"Kakaz Walisunz Hak"
Dina Nath Nadim*

CHINA NORTH RAILWAY (1911-1958)

The railway was established as a concession to the
British and German governments in 1911, and
was the first of a series of railways built in
China. It was the first railway to be built
by a foreign power in China, and it was the
first railway to be built in the north of China.

The railway was built by the British and German
governments, and it was the first railway to be
built in the north of China.

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governments, and it was the first railway to be
built in the north of China.

Erad

Translated as

Determination

Red hot – red hot
quite a lot – quite a lot
my blood – youthful
youthful, youthful
a storm, wrathful
wrathful wrathful

I don't fear, I desire
to die for kashimir in cheer
whirlwind I am
none to deter me and ram
should we be in scare
shell in and live in fear
have to face and see
fight and defeat the enemy.

Red hot – red hot
quite a lot – quite a lot
my blood – youthful
youthful, youthful
a storm, wrathful
wrathful wrathful.

Lightenings gave me a clue
to burn, burst, and fight for due
the turmoil on mind and ground
reveal to me the secrets: aloud
the martyrs, just dead
fill my blood with colour red.

Red hot – red hot
so Quite a lot – quite a lot
my blood – youthful
youthful, youthful
a storm, wrathful
wrathful wrathful.



Haersaath

Translated as

Reflection

A broken piece of mirror: haphazard
shines bright on heap of garbage.
a cow walked by, came in – gazed and went past
a dog came in – breathed on it, and went past
an indiscreet fool like soul
draped in rag strips - whole and whole
took it up and fused on her strip - then
extended the reach of her possession.

What more can be said
a thought that is to be read.



Haersaath

Translated as

Ponder

A cloud climbed a mountain top
a lightning split it - the wrap to stop.
it was then held in a trap of mountain
detained no drops to drop as rain.
but ear piercing sounds to descend to ground
like shrilled yelp of a child around.

We took it just a thunder, however
soon found a white blanket cover.
a friend had brought a friend, to host at home
who can ask, how fresh snow came to the dome.



Ahyasas

As translated as

Inkling

A solitary piece of shoe
lies on a way: rue
open mouth craving to quench
thirst – very much.

A stray dog on the way
pulled, pushed and tossed the prey
the broken shabby ugly face
was dragged to lose further grace.

The dog by his turn and move
took to open drain, the shoe
is – it – thus – so
today, thirsty got thirst to go?



Mye Cham Aash Paghech

Translated as

I Keep Hope For Tomorrow

I keep hope for tomorrow
future will be bright tomorrow.

Days to be more bright
blooming flowers to be in sight
the soil to be restless
for greenery to come up on crust
the breasts will overflow
with the milk of love, love to show.

I keep hope for tomorrow
future will be bright tomorrow.

Sweet sounds, I will get to hear
despair to disappear – joys to cheer
joys will grow close to my chest
groomed with the sweet nectar of breast
merriment will grow all around
everything everywhere to climb and surround.

I keep hope for tomorrow
future will be bright tomorrow.

He will tip toe to come to door
gather the joys more and more
holding his head, he will go
back in soft steps, slow and slow
I will be drawn into ecstasy
to sing for him in fantasy. (delight)

I keep hope for tomorrow
future will be bright, tomorrow.

Friends and peers will come to me
greet me, my fortunes to see
I will be a winner to have won
the crown of his bliss then
I will share the cheer with all
but, keep the possession not to let it fall.

I keep hope for tomorrow
futures will be bright tomorrow.

Alas! there is fear of war
ah! It shall not be, tomorrow to mar
father (Hope) of the children (progeny) has to come
tomorrow the father of children has to come.

I keep hope for tomorrow
futures will be bright tomorrow.



Bae Gevane Az

Translated as

Today I will not Sing

Today I will not, will not sing
song of any sort, any sort.

For the ecstatic buds in rows
and blooming meadows
for the songs birds sing in melody
in the charm of floral company
for the wholesome beauty instinct
and the inebriating joys they bring.

Today I will not, will not sing
song of any sort, any sort.

Because dust of war
destroys colourful charm to mar
smoky barrel guns sever
lips of chirping birds for ever
the terror shackles sound aloud
far and near all around.

Today I will not, will not sing
song of any sort, any sort.

Because bright light in the sky
gets behind the shadow: shy
mountain peaks appear
hidden in the fear
and dark clouds threaten
all the charms of dawn, then.

Today I will not, will not sing
song of any sort, any sort

Because today the war monger
cheater and the deceiver
is bent upon to do a nasty trick
strike my Kashmir with his sting
cease the charm of the scenic soil
soft, warm, lovely relations to spoil.

Today I will not, will not sing
song of any sort, any sort.



Zoon Drayee Tsot Hish

Translated as

Moon Like A Round Bread Loaf

Once the moon like a round bread loaf, high
from behind the hill, came up in the sky.

Her drapes, she left behind to ho
by and by scars on her silvery body to show
like the wearied tweed of the village cottage
like a dim glow in tiresome stage
like a woman labour tricked by a contractor
like a base coin put in the chunk of coins by a manipulator.

Once the moon like a round bread loaf, high
from behind the hill, came up in the sky.

Hills got hungry in appetite
clouds tried to doze the glow of the hearth and its light
angels came in, as if to light a makeshift hearth
foods appeared to grow in hill range, in no dearth
I started to tell about the food stocks to the hungry guy
and repeatedly looked to the sky.

Once the moon like a round bread loaf, high



from behind the hill, came up in the sky.

Kasheeri Hund Daavaa

Translated as

Ethos of Kashmir

I have to build the bond
to make the world smooth and strong
the Hindu and the Muslim , again
humane attitudes to regain
a hindu to find a bond with sikh
and with them the muslim be thick.

Who says they are separate from one another
they are the children of the same mother
I have: the thorns of hatred to cut
make a colourful garden without any threat
humane attitudes to maintain
hindus and muslims to keep it up again.

Hindustan and Pakistan each nation
burn in flame of cremation
since the drapes and the attire was such
hindus and muslims were red in blood drench
I have to supply the sentiment
love and brotherhood to be prevalent.

Can the earnings of the peace-peasant
 be stolen and brokered by a rich merchant
 why the stinger, suck the nectars
 from the variety of the flowers
 the democracy is to be made decent
 for all to enjoy, none to relent.

How long the money and folk (people)
 keep crowns for rich to make
 how long the material have lots
 will suck the blood of have nots
 I have to build the nation
 of humane resolution.

I have to make a proud place
 where all keep civil grace
 rich sentiment and emotion
 sharing attitude and passion
 I have to make a shrine to nurture
 preach humility and humane stature.



Vunal

Translated as

Fog

No definition of figure
no front back posture
an unknown thought
a cold lifeless sort.

Someone asks her identity tag
are you the fog?

She walked on the river banks
goes in lanes of all ranks
step by step in her arrogance
expresses her crazy sense.

Meddles everywhere in everything
envelops, darkness to bring
but she has to go and finish
dark screens to vanish.

And we can see face to face
for love and grace.



Gaase Tul

Translated as

Straw

Grass on the ground
goes all the way around
it is fresh, smooth and silky
keeps moisture and humility.

Wind and weather effects to bear
adjusts to keep up the wear
but the turn of the climate
gets its virtues to decimate.

The drench of the winter rain
severs its life, not to remain
dries as a straw to crush
breaks down easy to mesh.

A spark makes it into ash
its existence to smash.



Gazal

This World and Cipher

One is this world, before us: the situation
One is the cipher far away: a definition
One is this world, in constant uncertainty
One is the cipher to learn about reality
One is this world, time comes and flies off
One is the cipher, age relentless - never off
One is this world, bitter and sweet a mix in existence
One is the cipher, consistency in continuance
One is this world, full of dirt and filth
One is the cipher, same sky and earth
One is this world, shrinks to a rat hole
One is the cipher, the expression of whole
One is this world, always hiccups on the move
One is the cipher, the limitless clue.



Aash (204)

Translated as

Hope

Fragrance spread all round
 all around flowers to surround
 I keep – keep hope for light
 like the Sun rise, bright
 the sounds reflect hope ?
 reveal the past glory scope ?
 is it breeze on the move
 or it is the sense of love clue
 is it the opening of a bud
 or it is the morning to be read
 is it the joy-emotion all along
 or it is the rhythm of love song
 is it the first ray of the day
 or it is the melody verse on play
 the beat of heart is set to tune
 dew has come to keep virtue
 the night got shattered in defeat
 darkness lost, light to meet
 the light travels to reach the ground
 give birth to bright hopes all around
 as *Sheeshnag*¹ was born deep
 from within the rocks' keep.



¹ it is a hindu mythological term: a huge spiritual water body surrounded by mountains where from a symbol of eternity, in the form of a serpent is believed to have taken form.

Tsuur

Translated a

Robber

The colourful charm of butterfly
I followed to catch to try
but in vain did the effort lie.

Colours tempted me
by their dazzling spree
all day and night a false glee.

Ah someone put me in illusion
for my impatient passion
robbed me of my possession!

I have now lost to gather, the warmth of sun
the colours of spring and autumn, then
the winter snow and summer stream's run.

I have lost - the feel of the smile charm
the soothing affections warm
all this to put me in harm.

Now I am left to remember
but, a broken beating chamber
no fire, but a cold mould forever!



Kakaz Walisunz Hak

Translated as

Scrap Hawker

Come and sell your scrap
sell your scrap all your scrap
papers, books, notebooks – all
drapes, dresses, beddings – all
groceries, grains and feeds – all.

Sell – sell existence to hard money
earn wealth and riches many
refuse to listen to sense other
refuse to heed to word other
mind your sense to sell and have.....
Be out to sell, what you have
keep your tongue on mortgage
sell your conscience and courage-
it is silly to seek competitive price
every price you get, is nice.

Come and sell your scrap
sell your scrap all your scrap
papers, books, notebooks – all
drapers, dressers, beddings – all
groceries, grains and feeds – all.

You may try to bargain, high
but will lose your cost to try
he has sold his clan and deity
he has sold existence and identity
why shall all this bother you
you sell scrap - the scrap with you
if you are left with none to sell
sell your aim and ambition
earn money to keep the possession
earn cash, an precious possession.

Come and sell your scrap
sell your scrap all your scrap
papers, books, notebooks – all
drapes, dresses, beddings – all
groceries, grains and feeds – all.



Sonth Te Harud

Translated as

Romantic Seasons

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make
the love birds of the garden awake!

See, the spring breeze in charm
has come to arouse love in the garden
dawn has come to hug dark cover
dew pearls fill every flower.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make
the love birds of the garden awake!

I feel , behind the cloud, there -
a virgin has bugan to wear a bridal attire
the flower on the stalk bows its head
the breeze splashed the pearls to spread.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make
the love birds of the garden awake!

The emotion is like the tear pearls of a bride, new
at her in-laws house, for days few
trickling down in a spontaneous flow
on the sight of, one from parent's home

¹ the similes used in the last stanza are typical to kashmiri culture, the sentiments are: a very young bride came to her in-laws place for the first time, she longed for her parents and home, she has left. And on seeing her brother to have come to see her for the first time in her new place; tears of rich emotions trickled down on her cheeks. This is a very rich emotional expression.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make
the love birds of the garden awake!

The water falls wearing ringing bells
dance down atop the hills
leaving behind high charm
to have, on boulders, romance warm

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make
the love birds of the garden awake!

Stockpilars and traders of the people
killed Godliness for bloody profits, ample
then, with cosmetically made decent face
they go to shrines to seek His grace.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make
the love birds of the garden awake!

A new spring wearing a democratic device (crown)
has come to garden to give due advice
and Nadim with a keen desire, alive
has come to awaken the garden to thrive.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make
the love birds of the garden to awake!



Sonnet

Translated as

Sonnet

Oh! Dear you don't remember the days
when we would groom love in secretive ways
don't you remember the first love-day
we used unrestrictedly to display.

We planned today and tomorrow, hopes to grow
but the warmth got to go, giving a blow
the leaves were shed from the twig green
but we kept spirits lit - to be seen.

This lit ray of light keeps my hope alive
and we carry forward hopes to thrive
the hope of love bloomed in grace
brought up the charm on surface.

Your deep breath creates a breeze pleasant
and sends across feeling decent



Samjoota

Translated as

Compromise

Grasses, vines, hedges, bushes, trees,
bricks, mortars, windows, doors, floors and roofs – these
are clay moulds born from the lump of weed
this is a row of houses and that is barrier to meet
this is my definition my unrest limitation
the feel turns deep to run
into my skeleton
in fact I am hollow within
weak fragile brittle and thin
a bubble of soap foam
which till now housed a doom
this in fact is a black recess space
which engulfed many and many a face
it killed time
to keep no rhyme
the countless moments
pain, pleasure morning and merriment
hate, love, discord and attachment
youthful bonding and sentiment
is a meaningless notion
a stale still worthless possession
as if none existed to belong
forget all, carry on – just sing a song



Narai Inqlab

Translated as

Revolutionary Slogan

You, youth of kashmir with passion
have to carry on the flag of the mission
looking to you is every Nation.
be determined and move ahead
you are the star bright and red

Be the honour of Kashmir
Be the leader of Kashmir
Be the voice of Kashmir.

You are fire and flame
you are youthful blaze
if you are a breeze of spring
have to be out, change to bring
don't hide behind the screen
tear the hold, come out, be seen.

Be the revolution of kashmir
Be the leader of Kashmir
Be the voice of Kashmir.

Roar and be a waterfall
shine and be a red ball
dig high spirits like fire
from spaces far and near
shout - shout and carry on
pledge on youth and go on.

Be all pervading youth of Kashmir
Be the leader of Kashmir
Be the voice of Kashmir.

Don't bother for personal ends
don't wait decisive mends
move on whole and soul
stir ahead for the goal
find the objective, then
the path is clean, you run.

Be the life and soul of Kashmir
Be the leader of Kashmir
Be the voice of Kashmir.

Don't be now in sorrow wear
 none can deter you don't fear
 Kashmir, your motherland
 will take care: understand
 together gear up to win war
 tever mind a blood bath

Die to be a martyr of Kashmir
 Be the leader of Kashmir
 Be the voice of Kashmir

Gloomy morn is just a dew-show
 victory bloom is freshness to grow
 have to exert , not to bow
 keep motherland alive, you know.
 there is a fact, effective
 sacrifice is always resultive.¹

Be a martyr of Kashmir
 Be the leader of Kashmir
 Be the voice of Kashmir



¹ world coined from result = result oriented: like effect = effective

ABDUL RAHMAN RAHI BORN 1925

The most revered Kashmiri language poet and scholar of the day, an Emeritus professor, who distinguished himself as the poet to win first gyanpith award for Kashmiri poetry. His poetry is fragrance of the varied ranges of different spectrums of Kashmir and the sensitivities of living. Rahman Rahi as he is popularly known has taken Kashmiri poetry to international standards. His contribution to establishment of Kashmiri language as a subject of academics is immense. He has been the pivotal person to establish kashmri department in the university of Kashmir.

*"Snow would melt fast
breezes swayed past
gardens would bloom
O spring, stand testimony
we, the dumb too would sing in merry!"*

*a verse from a gazal of
Prof. Rahman Rahi*

1901

THE KALAMIAN KALAMIAN

The Kalamian Kalamian is a small, but very interesting, tribe of the Kalamian people. They are found in the mountains of the Kalamian region, and are known for their skill in the art of weaving. They are a very brave and warlike people, and are known for their skill in the art of fighting. They are a very interesting people, and are known for their skill in the art of weaving. They are a very brave and warlike people, and are known for their skill in the art of fighting. They are a very interesting people, and are known for their skill in the art of weaving. They are a very brave and warlike people, and are known for their skill in the art of fighting.

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Molul Shab

Translated as

The Valuable Night

Atmosphere: whirlwinds

time: night

but, the bird can't afford to take rest

for it's desperate to rear its babies waiting somewhere.

How in turbulent wind could the footprints be un-wiped
the voyage in dark, the hiccup - opportunity to keep up the
chance.

May be the enthusiastic wave sets in a sublime vortex
sets the fragrance wandering wide spread, no trace to leave
behind

but the bird can't afford to take rest

for it found -

the wind in bad form

night refuge-less,

and the blood in its veins went ablaze

is it - that, it was antagonised -

wings up, jumps down, goes hither and thither

may be the neck turns to bend,

the cloud is a blunt obstruction

the feathers ruffle to fall

the penetrative shiver filled wind may go deep to bruise

may be the sound from the beak bears a thorn,

sea of darkness around, no light ray - no direction

but, the bird can't afford to take rest

for the (call of) fresh, unhindered pure morn twitter.

This unknown surrounding
 unmarked time
 a mysterious echo from within the vortex
 brings forth the formless ecstatic dance of galaxies,
 no ghost , no ill spirits
 amazing formless essence from the Highest Seat -
 this precious night of whirlwind, a descent from Above,
 a night distinguished, The valuable night
 every movement worthier than a thousand months,
 the angels have come out revealing through sane¹
 communiqués:
 "Alert! lest the forests devoid of songsters should curse the
 suffocating mornings."
 If nothing at all, at least the desirous heart in possession
 bursts with keen yearning -
 may thus, the joy of rose red, flow joys of red rose gardens
 to spread.

Oh my dear bird of great flight, I be done on you
 I long for you, where are you
 where have you reached
 look! you have lit my spirits in and out
 and how can, now, I be at rest.
 Oh, my bird: the flier - fly, fly on and on
 safe and sound, till the dawn is found!



¹ communication without words

Kul' Paeth' (A Poem from Kadla Thathis Peth)

Translated as

Tree Like

Cuckoo, the bird, met me: coo coo coo
soon very soon found me in its tune and hue
shared the feels: ho ho ho!
all in all is: go ahead go.

A leaf detached from the branch, thence
dropping down - got in ecstatic dance
oh you the dumb, get to gather the signal
who worked to find the way and who set on the move¹ !



¹ the metaphoric expression used in the original is : a person clears the weed on a water-body to find the way; the other person rows the boat to set it on the move.

Bhe Deme Krakh (A Poem from Kadla Thathis Peth)

Translated as

I Will Shout To Exclaim

If a fresh feeling sprouts in heart

If a scintillating thought becomes rapturous

If the hopeless Time bubbles up with some fervent resolve

I will surely exclaim

“Oh! HUSAIN OF KARABLA’S steed has passed our way”

*I reproduce one more translation of this poem, hereunder wherein the expressions of **Karbala** and **Husain** are not directly used as in the original text.*

I Will Shout To Exclaim

If a fresh sentiment sprouts up to show

a thought emerges into a lucent glow,

if uncertain times get a boil: determined

I will shout, to exclaim -

the virtuous brave procession

went pass our way.



Kuran Kuree

Translated as

Tormenting Turmoil

Passion blooms like a proud expression: keen
time, like sword gashes is an order: routine.

We were foolish, as if spring blooms kept a mark,
like the bravery of a person looming in dark.

We had planted a sapling to live for ages: here
bought it up to rear, as if approved from There.

The compound wall within kept spring promises
as if to decorate the entrance and the premises.

Elders with crown, bring dignity
like a royal grandeur, to the whole family.

The bird of heaven took to wings for the flight
chewed the flames like a secret act, and went upright.

The order of getting hues on seeing a hue
is gallant confidence like a proud move.

The desire got expressed in a different subtle call
a spree - roaming like a conflict-race, all in all.

On his way out, he, let get me know of his depart
as if compulsion made him helpless to part.

Words brunt sounds , tears stole the sight of eyes
looking behind, revealed something like noise and cries.

One dug base in ground - other sowed tulips atop the roof
the string got cut and the necklace went, as if in disarray goof.

Will he appear in the morning or I shall wait till evening
like - in a hope of ownership or a compelling thing.

Nails lose grip of skin, lungs lose flow of breath-fullness
taking on the burden to bear, like a link to weakness.

May Rahi Sahab be favoured with forgetfulness
his memories are a tormenting turmoil for restlessness.



¹ Rahman Rahi the poet prays for his forgetfulness.

Gazal

Translated as

Oh Spring

Snow would melt fast
breezes swayed past
gardens would bloom
O spring, stand testimony
we, the dumb too would sing in merry!



¹ a verbs from a gazal.

Hai Kasher Zav

Translated as

Oh My Kashmiri Language

Oh my beloved kashmiri language
I swear upon your love and prestige
you are my view, rational and vision
my nous, knowledge and definition
you are the radiance of my conscience colourful aura ring¹
you are the rhythmic tune on my extreme passionate string.²



this is a verse from a gazal by Rahman Rahi.

¹ rainbow is the metaphoric expression used in the original.

² a passionately mad Sarang, (the popular string musical instrument) is the metaphoric expression used in the original.

Gazal

Translated as

Forgotten Stature

Have forgotten worthy stature heritage
the ancestral lineage -
keep no crown
no sceptre -
now what is left , is
the tongue, imploring him
O! Kashap Reshi¹, Come around.



this is a verse from a gazal by Rahman Rahi.

¹ the saint, who is believed to have cleared off the water of the satisar lake by cracking a recess in a rock with his spiritual power, and thus the beautiful kashmir valley.

***Bhe Chus Ravan (A Poem from Kashri
Sharie hund Intikhab publilshed by
Sahatiya Akademi)***

Translated as

I Wonder

You may have now forgotten
the good old days
how come, the spring found
the warm youthful day
the sun in the early morning
came with a sober heat
the breeze, as if pulled
attention to seek
I unlocked the hold of the chain bolt¹
to set open the restless cage
the vapours on the thatched rooftops
had woken up from slumber.

¹ the metaphor used is: a traditional iron chain structure like a small fetter use to hold and bolt doors and windows.

A spring smart bird
sang near the street electric pole
and you put to blaze
this luring atmosphere
when you came up on the veranda
cloths to spread, dry-
the feminine printed gown
blushed red under the naked sun,
unknowingly, I got to taste
the cherry red,
I saw a deep poem
in your eyes to be read-
It will take
for more than my life
it, to be read
to comprehend.

In the unmarried
pure bosom
you got passion deposits
to bulge up-
traversing all odds
cutting through the waves
you swam like a swan
to get across the lake deep,
you in the emotional arouse
biting the nails

dropped the highness
of your eyebrows,
the signals to
send across:
a consent
of warmth.

you spread spring
on your lips
the smile and
style of your move
set my imaginations
to gather
passionate images
of dancing deer herds, around.

You might have forgotten
that world of the old days:
the waters in the river
change in a moment.
you are now
a sea-deep housewife
people refer to
the depth of your maturity-
now, the blooms of the tulips
in your compound
have picked up
the charm from you.

It is quite some time, now
I too live, my life and household
pass the days disentangling
the silken complexities of life,
nonetheless sometimes
a youthful love breeze
comes to play a youthful throb
in the chamber of the heart
and the cold hold
of the chain bolt
drops off the siege
of the cage.
I wonder
if you still recollect
that warm youthful spring day
and the blush of the gown in the naked sun.



MOTI LAL NAZ , BORN 1936

The poetry of Naz is simple in language and expression; he picks up a situation from day to day life to invoke a mind stirring thought in simple, but effective manner. He relates life to living processes, all-around for a thought to ponder upon.

*"The ray of spirit
in dark
gives birth
to ocean of luminance."*

*a verse from a gazal of
Moti Lal Naz*

Aakaar

Translated as

Expression

There must be some colour
to create an expression in the shade.

The canvas craves blank
looking for the hue
but the hairs of the brushes
in disarray – devastation
and every effort to draw an impression
gives birth to caricatures
of no rhyme or rhythm - sense or substance.

All the lessons
learnt to make shades
appear gone berserk:
astray and stupid.

Since
colours lost their tinge
brushes lost hairs
figures lost rhythm
shades went berserk
canvas stands with urging eyes
to find shades of expression.



Blood Group

Translated as

Blood Group

Ah!

poison engulfed the body -
no part left unaffected
blood running through the vessels
turned black
spreading unease and unrest.

The doctors in care
were
on hot pins:
perplexed -
anxiety ridden
for the only treatment
was
blood transfusion.

But stun
what could be
the test
to find The blood group.



Dastaar

Translated as

Turban

He
from under the cover of his robe
pulled out a cloth hunk
lumped into a bundle.

Wearing a complex
he addressed the laundry boy
“dye it in golden shade
starch it tight
fix dazzling, make it sparkling
this is my turban, the dignity signature”

The laundry boy untied the bundle
to find it a long length of fine cloth
in surprise
cheeks pulled
eyebrows stretched
iris dilated
took a deep breath
gave a shrewd look
and replied
“Oh man
where from have you come –
who, in these times
wears a turban -
turbans lie in trash stores
turbans keep no virtue
turbans lie on filthy shelves
turbans are mud sludge drenched
turbans have gone undignified.



Sawaal

Translated as

Inquisitiveness

Every morning brings forth
a long list of questions
questions:
simple and intricate
short and stretching
complex and loaded....
questions and more questions.

But my answers never lost track
to exhaust and extinct.

Answers:
straight and complex
brief and lengthy
dodging and dragging....
answers and more answers

This see-saw of question – answer
this hide-seek of question – answer
this streak of questions - answer
keeps on life and essence of living.



Gashe Sodur

Translated as

Ocean of luminance

The soft sober cotton fluff
from the bale of conscience
by a rub in between the palms
on turn and twist
brought forth a wick -
sublimed and humbled.

A stretched figure to form
and then soaked it
to lie in the spirit lamp: ready -
head projected high
to burn by and by
and keep alive the light.

The ray of spirit
in dark
gives birth
to ocean of luminance.



Botche Hinz Kraam

Translated as

“hunger – hungry, classes”

Hunger loomed large on my face
hunger:

the ‘hungry’ could not gauge.

My eyes rolled

again and again

to read the faces of hungry.

My hunger -

a gripping starvation

dug in and expressed by

sunken eyes - pale face - grim body

and life stretching in urge to survive.

The hungry

express no starvation sign

but keep endless desire

to go to high, to reap gain

to go deep, to reap gain

go hungry - hungry to remain.

This hungry-ness

has little meaning for my hunger.

I lament to realize:

the riddle ridden hungry class -

a superior class

than my class of hunger.



Tchane

Translated as

Separation

He
face to face
made remarks on me.
I took stock
of myself
found myself - colourful
for my belief,
"I am I, and I belong to myself."

The fact:
he sent me, signals
I let them go
unheeded, un-imbibed -
the sense to recognize
went blank
the word to understand
went caricature
the length to reach
went dwarf.

All signals went belonging-less.
Then I tried to find
reach, catch hold of him
but he had gone away:
distant.
I missed
myself to meet -
separated
myself from my being.



Bali

Translated as

Sacrifice

He believed
streets don't revolt
and steps went on and on
to stampede -
no bit to spare.
The gallopers lost speed -
every excited hurray
got into more excitement.

Streets
not to see tyranny
needed sacrifice -
and suddenly someone
under the wheeling tyre
was dead: bleeding.
The street went smooth -
soon to see
melee of stampede, again.



Volubore

Translated as

Burden

I remain I
till the mirror
there
captures me live
and I keep on
tuning and trimming myself
on the scale
to be.

Treading the grass route levels
brought no limits to realize truths
but
eyes are eyes
hold inquisitiveness
to vine up, round and around¹
hoping heights bring gains.

I smashed the mirror
to pieces
found freedom
from the load of tune and trim
hopped and jumped to heights.

¹ like a grape vine.

Here - very soon
I lost my composure
got blessings of strange-hood
and my conscience split
to get me into imbalance:
weak – fragile – susceptible.

Now, I desire
to see myself
wish:
find a piece of mirror
to pick up
look into
and discover myself.

I lost myself
and
I am not I .



Vuryanee

Translated as

Nudity

She
stood almost still
on the cross road
speaking by
her helpless expressions
of eyes and body.
Her
wraps did not wrap her -
bore sieves (holes)
through and through
further opened up
by vicious looks,
silvery smooth
pure skin to show
for vulture looks
to prick and prick.

She wore
a spark of cognizance
to realise
time had gone mad
like a wild bull,
the sensuous
nasty looks
melted her wrap
to be nude:
top to toe.



Girdaabh

Translated as

Whirl

Don't get deep into my expressions
all around: entangled situations -
insufficient every effort to match
try hard you may, but can't catch.

Efforts of ascendance to climb up
torturous confusions to get piled up
inquisitiveness gets more inquisitive by probe
all replies go wordless for any scope.

I feel strong to say and speak
deep turmoil restricts like a disease
have lost hold of my tranquility
truth invites brickbats and animosity .

See, functional parts turn turtle
ears get to gather sounds: rattle
eyes see sights fake.
strokes from within, chest has to take.

The lanes - streets - roads have gone crude
can't bear their loads, they have gone, brute
can't tread these paths, fall flat before start
Alas! my journey is small, but terrible the lot.



Gazal

Translated as

Forbidden

This world an order of forgetfulness
forbids memories – memoirs are useless.

Disorder – gloom – viciousness
forbids sight – eyes are useless.

Feet exhausted , head held under load
disturbed conscience – being in gloomy mode.

Earth wears a dress of dejection
sky above, a forbidden destination

Discourses see no place to milt (meet)
tracks lack graphs, hopes to build.

World has dwarfed for virtue sense
try to gather your ends thence.

Life before birth is ceased
death forbidden and freezed. (frozen)

Conscience flow, stops to follow
disciplines go off hollow and shallow

Truths are embedded deep hidden
expressing the truths are forbidden.



Gazal

Translated as

Slide

O dear, be aware
dent is there everywhere -
all are, 'wise' here
believe 'wise' words they share
but, open lips to convey
their wisdom is a hollow-say.

All the seasons, we had, were soulful
with a mean meaning, cheerful
winter white or spring sprout
brought joys, without doubt.

Now bloomy gardens keep away
serve us gloom in murky way
none could imagine
thus could be the day.

The caretaker kept no sense
the garden will ever shape thence
dark clouds to come to loom
envelop charm in gloom.

Now in desperation
we peep to see rejuvenation
wish a chinar breeze
may appear to give some ease.
but even the smooth sober dew
keeps hot vapours to give.

The present day crises ploy
pushes aside my romantic joy
never ever, otherwise
love expressions were in reluctance.

The order of city in present day
slides, to go awful way
otherwise thoughts would not go
separated, no humaneness to show.

Then, greetings - good wishes, all
carried simplicity, all in all
Oh! Naz, virtue-life sense is lost
now wilderness all across.



Nov Z anum

Translated as

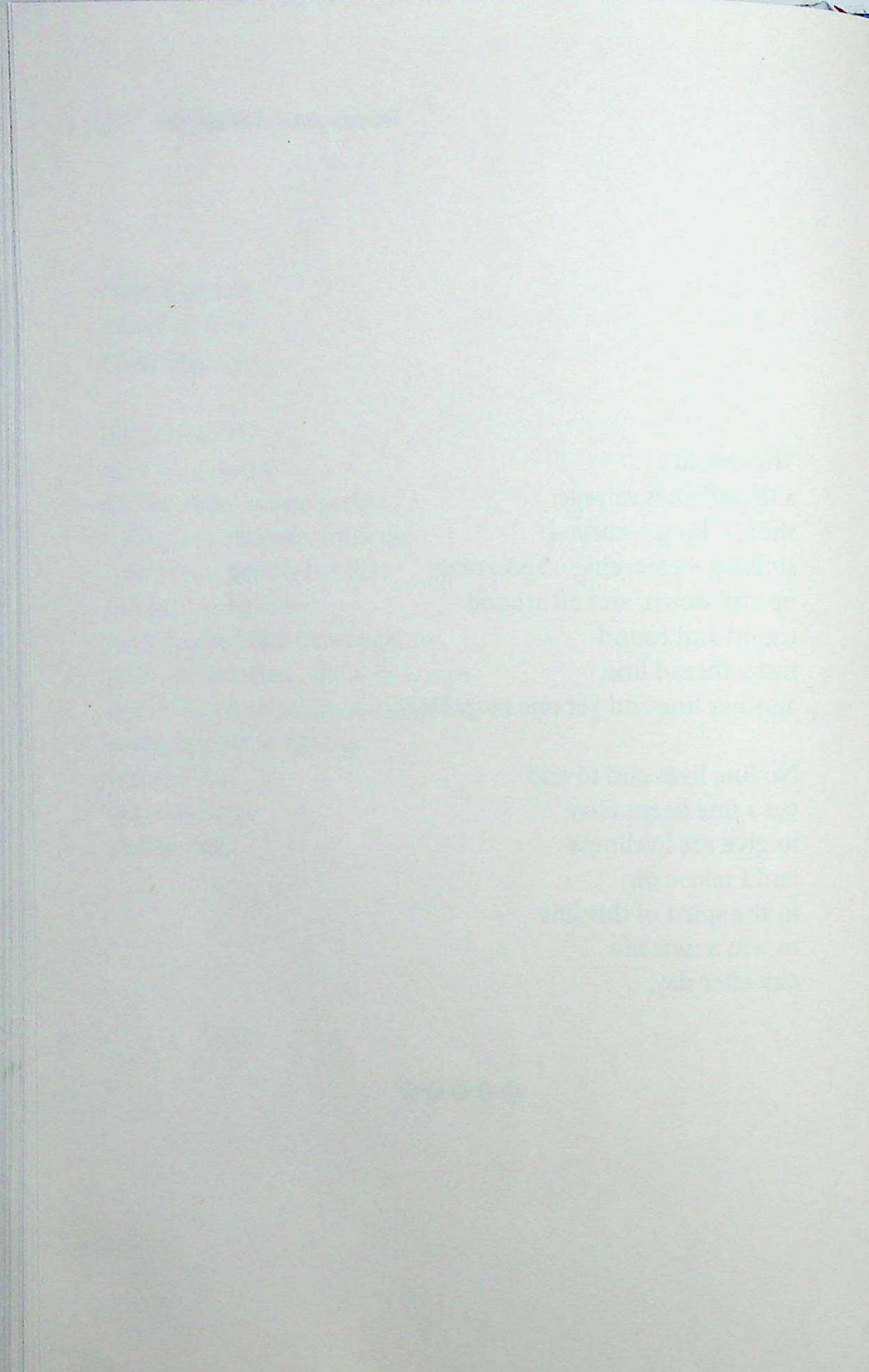
New Birth

Palm readers
gave me a sense –
spider webs woven across:
a tangle of threads, intricate -
every turn breaks the line
to bend, go a little
turn around and bend again -
some go knotted , thick in lumps
some die and vanish, invisible
some appear to emerge
but are not
some emerge
but merge.

This world:
a thread-ines mirage:
short – long – curved
sinking – emerging – spreading
up and down, and all around
round and round
just a thread line,
another line and yet one more line.

No line lives end to end
yet a line keeps alive
to give me liveliness
and I take a dip
in the spirit of this line
to win a new life
day after day.





BAL KRISHEN SANYASI BORN 1943

The poetry of sanyasi is philosophical and has psychological connotation; he says that spirituality is always a need and so is the romance, this marriage of philosophy of life with emotion of life is literature and poetry.

*"He came in with a smile
touched me, then beckoned me –
I asked him to reveal, he said,
"Will reveal in the evening"*

*a verse from a gazal of
Sanyasi*

THE HISTORY OF THE

The first part of the history of the
the second part of the history of the
the third part of the history of the

The fourth part of the history of the
the fifth part of the history of the
the sixth part of the history of the

The seventh part of the history of the
the eighth part of the history of the

Hay dai mouda

Translated as

Is God Extinct

He Said,

"I am guard to the devastated colonies.
you should not pelt stones at me,
I have fragile, brittle glass limbs
Lest they should shatter to fly and spread bloodshed"

"I have all the mountain loads on my head
and am choked - hardly carry on the breath.
the scene is blinding and
I cannot withstand."

"Oh! Blessed man, would you kindly hold me close,
give me a bliss touch -
may be, I get well
to withstand the ordeal spell.
the fragile, brittle arms would go
for the strong limbs and hands to show,
to enable me
throw off heavy adversity loads."

Heeding to him I responded,
"Has God gone extinct?"
His instinctive curiosity filled question -
"How did you know this, Oh! pious man?"

And I replied,
"Only then could the colonies go devastated,
left for you to guard"
"Only then could all mountains go orphaned
to set their heavy loads on you."
"Only then the civilizations brought forth the
populations with frail, fragile, brittle limbs.

"Had God not gone extinct -
then you would not go de-capacitated,
then you would not seek a bliss touch to Withstand."



Sheshergenth

Translated as

Icicle

Would it not snow so heavily,
for the roofs to take loads high.
And roofs would not perspire to drench wet,
for sweat drops to take this shape
of smooth, sober, pretty charm.

Hanging high in desperation,
Yet groom and grow in suspension -
rear a desire, someone to find:
hold my hand - care and mind,
and take me around for a spree
in brides decor for the glee.

I am an icicle at the roof edge
 in cold condition and anxious notion.
 Though in cold state yet breathe warmth
 and keep alive my hope and spirit .
 Ah! a host of folks in disguise,
 keep ill eye to grapple and grab,
 grip and crush under the prick of teeth.
 Ah! the sun under the cloud cover too,
 does viciously gaze on my nude body
 and its rays spoil me to get done.

Now I keep some moments of life to boon
 and will be done away from the roof soon
 keep no hope to take to life again
 keep no hope to groom and grow again.



Che Ma Seeth

Translated as

“Along with?”

Step - step on the ground
imagine you are along with
crisp autumn leaves crackle
say - you aren't along with.

Scorching sun, telling heat
desire drives to loiter lanes
solo steps sound, tap - tap
say - you aren't along with.

Death haunts, call
be ready to lie down
dawn rays raise hope
but you aren't along with.

Showers give joyous bath -
Imagine, you are along with.
breezes come
whispers, you aren't along with.

Standing stone planks bear
engraved our names: clear
the sun sets in - in routine
and you aren't along with.

Masses say, this poem: a pearl bead
Sanyasi , "Wear it"
I can't bear to wear it
for you aren't along with.



Sheena Jung

Translated as

Victory

The autumn in its hubris
to wither the life
went past
but only to give the birth to
the childhood, new:
clean - clear - white snow.

The romantic expression
came forth
in bridal attire
and bestowed
with love resolution.
romance came into play
to offer a fresh snow ball
to Cupid.

You also come
come , close,
let us share
the warmth in a game of snow -
play the game
to win and lose.

I win
to get you limitless
inebriating nectar drink -
but, you may get to proud
to forget me.

Your blush
and the body grace
in the hope to win
is limitless -
you are excited
cannot win this day -
taken over by ecstasy
unaware ,
in tranquillity
you are lost.

In the play of throwing snow balls
you throw the balls on me
I, in the charm of the game
give you a snow bath
and
the snow balls, you shoot
strike my body-
the one that you threw on me
hit my ear
to whisper,
"I have lost
for you to win."



Mey Laij Traash

Translated as

Burning Desire

I Implore :
don't gag me - strangle me
I cry and shout
not being possessed by evil -
thirsty, I am
over ridden by thirst.

I am fire lit, from within
as if swallowed the Sun, down the throat -
feel to tear myself
for the need to quench my urge.

Youth comes -
a volcano-brust expression
the outpour of shoots
call for care:
irrigate - rear - groom
to get bloom.

Why your treacherous ropes
tie me, drag me -
bruise me - wound me - gash me
I am desperate, I want to kill myself.
Your urge possessed you -
you pecked - pecked me to feed
I am tortured and tormented by heat stroke -
do I fault to desire: quench my thirst
I am youthful, keep splendour of bloom.

Come, take my care
quench my thirst -
but you
and opportunist, whirl wind
will detach me from pedestal
to sink me, desperate.



Te Vanay Shaman

Translated as

Evening Call

He did not reveal himself to me
yet I expressed to convey
“I am to stop breath – ups and downs
and go lost in the evening””

The autumn leaves will not fear
drop from the twigs
the winter chill will not rear hopes
to see summer
the summer will not scare
to bring blistering hot winds.

He came in silently: unnoticed
but I saw him
wear
the attire of a saint.

He came in with a smile
touched me, beckoned me
I asked him to reveal, he said
“ Will reveal in the evening”



Aadem Mor

Translated as

True Luminance

When the dark black cloud lumps
loomed large on the building
a lightning struck
the tall trees in the compound .

The showers stormed
waters to flood: violent
the splashes eroded
the edifice of identity.

I did howl – shout – cry
none to listen – none to heed
the darkness enveloped
to scare intense and long.

Some day - some sound
ehoed
in resonance
"a soul is held in the house"
Oh! I called - who
but to realize
there is none, but for me
detained, since.

Now I desire
to stretch my wings, fly -
liberate myself from the hold
reach the absolute.

The structure
to go to pyre
on a lit blaze of luminance
to set out into the flames of truth.



"Bumsin"

Translated as

Earthworm

Small slim straight
red in colour
moves to and fro
in same form of go.
in ecstasy
dips in, inside to see -
finds within
he and she,
in a coil to appear
dance in supreme cheer
and discover
the union of the pair.

The soil and seed
the strike and sound
the act and action
the energy and form
appearances, two
but hold within a clue
both are one
for the universe then.

Thus the distinction
of discrimination
to lose
all, is same nothing to choose.
Earthworm a unison inkling
the expression of the linking -
one emanates into two.
two merge into one.



"Pyod Vyod Ma Chum"

Translated as

Wicked Deceiver in Disguise

A huge crowd
people in disarray
disorder and melee
shouts – hoots - howls
children under stampede
screams fill the air:
a wicked deceiver sneaked in
spoils city's serenity .

Sara - Santosh - Gurmeet
got pathetic ends to meet
Sara on run with children: two
dead or alive she had no clue.
Santosh celebrating festivity
found her husband killed in brutality
Gurmeet by a ghastly bullet

murdered with no let.
Wicked deceiver is a murderer
evil propagator - death trader
strikes – stroke after stroke
unleashes cry of fire and smoke
humane element sense severed
bloody brutality served
masses rattle
humanity in dismantle.



"Vunal"

Translated as

Fog

Some may say
she comes early in the day
smooth and sober
gentle joys promoter
silently through the lanes dark
comes, welfare to mark-
others may say
she is shy
wears a wrap
all her skin to drape.

But, Alas! she is a devastation
under cover an ill definition
digs up the roots
stems and shoots.
garden blooms, to tarnish
white peak tops, as if vanish
winds become silly
waterfalls go dilly-dally
brooks flow in scare
survival to fear.

Under its hood (cover)
flush floods would
uproot many a tree
green tragedy to see.

The sky is screened
not to see the soil
earth worried to see through
to get the surrounding's clue,
colourful associates: intimate
divide to separate -
togetherness link to finish
unison to tarnish.

She holds daggers
concealed deep in her wraps
works to dig foundations
sets ruin in motions -
all to fall into a ditch
devastated in deep niche
she, in her passion of craze
conceals her evil to save disgrace.



“Taziyath”

Translated as

Confession

I am a 21st century father
how can I have a daughter
you are a burdensome thing -
filth: no grace to bring.
let me give you bath
the bath of your life.

Dragged her from her hub (lap of mother)
to give her a bath in a tub
fed water, her mouth to fill
quenched her life cry to full.
She got into slumber
she will cry: never.

Time to mourn her death
she is now laid with a wreath.

You shall not again be born to me
I will not let you light to see.



Bauye Marai

Translated as

Three stages

I beseech – say it again-
she in her passion filled voice said
“I be done on you.”
“Oh! hold on, I will give you.”
“You get me into torture to crave.”

I got ecstatic delight,
to hear it-
pray, would you say it again
when you said it - first time
I did not lend my attention-
now when you say it
I would be attentive
to assimilate and absorb-
And then, if you say it third time,
I will absorb the warmth of your sentiment -
get ignited to flames
if you recognise me
in flames,
offer all

I longed for.
My pyre will be lit
in the morning
you will carry the tragic day
in your lap
and I will merge in cool cold ash
at dusk
then who will give
and who will get.



“Yavaan Metch ”

Translated as

Oh ! Ecstatic Beauty

Oh ! bloomy beauty: ecstatic , I pray
you should have come during the day
You did come: a casual guest
at sunset - light to fade into dusk.

Light bids farewell
a darkness spell –
owls howl – dog bark
children in scare – old debilitate
the surround all around: fearfulness
and I devoid of sleep, in restlessness.
You too, by now, will be in a new place
anxious: counting time and measuring space.

Oh ! bloomy beauty: ecstatic , I pray
 you should have come on a sunny day
 to bask in the sun and gather the rays
 but, you didn't meet the warm ways .
 Though spring is to set in again
 but time keeps many a fears to retain
 you may not be you, and me not me
 the strides of time bring changes to see.
 You will be aged, a in new place – there:
 the Lal¹, under the wraps of time wear.

Summer, blisters my feet
 winter, freeze bites my feet
 I will be numb, dumb, blank
 roaming devoid of expression
 and you will see me, to sigh
 Oh! What a scholar has gone by.



¹ the greatest mystic poetess of Kashmir

Vudav

Translated as

Flyer

Human face
free flying vulture race
a vicious wizard large group
speaks fire in flames thick.

Live trees go on fire
liveliness to scare
days suffer in smoke
shades spread heat stroke
cities go jungle way
beasts are guests of the day.

The wish to be a chinar: big
spread cool shade, goes sick.
The wild beasts bear
razor sharp antlers, to tear
swoop deep and then
gash the bellies of children.

These snatchers snatch
the rays of light
nights go long:
dark, black and strong.

People in disguise
keep swords, bombs and guns
all devastating means rich
life to sever and ditch.

Hundred mob up to attack
one: soft – easy - hapless
as a wolf pack goes glad
to tear the prey, part by part.

The killers hold the moon by her locks
she goes wounded to bear scars
the sun is eclipsed, goes dim in shame
questions: reason for the crazy hatred.

The confusion ridden reply confuses further
expressions go wild and weird-
now the dew will not appear, pearls to spread
the rose will not bloom scents to fragrance
love birds will not go together joyful messages to send
the blue bee and the butterfly will die devoid of love.

I, the flyer of love
cannot withstand the plight
to see the cruel might
chop the love wings.

I will fly, take an untiring flight to be -
a flame and fire, intense
bright hot sun, severe
storm filled winds, hurricanes and tornados
bursting clouds – striking thunders
and reduce all hate ammunition to rubble.

I will grow virtueseeds to make earth a heaven's seat -
climb up to be the hope in clouds
come down dancing to irrigate life to bloom
be the snow on the peaks to extend peace
melt to give birth to brooks, streams and rivers
run pure,
dirt and hatred to wash away
be the waterfalls to sing love tunes
be the bird of all weathers
to fly, fly and fly, and fly love and peace.



FOLKLORES

Folklore is a rich treasure of every literature. It directly emanates from common people and reflects the socio-cultural ethos of masses. Folklore is strongly entrenched in public sentiment of a geographical place, but its appeal is universal. The folklore "Lokte Molto Tarko translated as Little Star Why" is not strictly a folklore, it is children's rhyme written (as told to me by Radhey Nath Massarat) by Nana Ambardar

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Inchree Baeni Pinchree Baeni

Translated as

Inchree Baeni Pinchree Baeni

Inchree Pinchree, two dear sisters
Momboi, the funny brother –
Inchree Pinchree rode their horses
Momboi saddled a wall
Inchree Pinchree went for a joy ride
Momboi had a fall.



Lokte Mokto Tarko

Translated

Little Star Why?

The nice little star why,
you shy to blink your eye?
What keeps you busy all the day -
you come in night to stay?
Attractively graceful your style,
sweet and touchy twinkling while.
May I pick you and fix on my cap,
gaze at you as my friendly chap.
I would love and hold you close,
get you learn the worldly roles.



Amto – Kamto

Translated as

Amto Kamto

Amto – kamto
come and titillate.

come and go
very slow
up on the baby's leg
titillate, and go up and up
make it playful
joyous and cheerful
not to cry and rile
but to play and smile

Amto – kamto
come and titillate.



Hape Leliyaa Tshupe Kar

Translated as

Haplay Laplay

Haplay Laplay weeping face
keep quiet, make no noise –
your mother has gone to get food
she will come and eat you could –
then a part in a pocket you shall hold
to serve you in winter, cold
yet keep another part in a secret pot
to serve you in summer, hot
do not cry in repeat
a little of it you must eat.



Zun Maaj Zunee

Translated as

O Mother Moon!

O moon!

sober mood
never crude
like a mother
and no other -
what you hold
silver or gold?

O moon!

for whom, do you keep
compassion so deep?

"I keep it, for the caring -
one who gives me touch of sharing."

What you want to have and share

"A galloping horse to ride up¹
a boat to sail down for delight."



¹ the metaphor is to ride a horse to go up and sail in a boat to go down, this is representative expression of highs and lows of life.

Valiv Gachav Dal

Translated as

Let us Go to Dal Lake

Come on children, let us go
enjoy the lotus leaves show –
lotus leaves, nice and clean
spreading smiles, they are seen
Dal is the beautiful lake
keeps calm for joy sake.

We shall sneak and run
go to Dal, have bath and fun.



Sonth

Translated as

Spring

Crow crows, crow crow
Myna says it is now, spring show
for the Bulbul to feel cool
and flowers to bloom
naked branches get leaves to wear
and dried stocks get lively cheer.



Cawo - Cawo

Translated

O Dear Crow!

O dear crow - where you had been?

"To see the places green."

What did you eat there?

"Bowlful of rice and curd - dear."

Did you spare a little for me?

"I did keep, some for yee." (you)

Where is it, let me see?

"Oh! A Crow came, and away took - He"

Where did the crow go?

"He perched on the branch below."

What happened to branch "Say"?

"A carpenter cut it away."

Where did the carpenter go?

"He made it into timber, and rest I don't know."



Caw Bhate Cawo

Translated

O Pious Crow!

Crow pious crow - come and see.
we keep for you, the "Kichre" -
come along with her - (wife)
after a bath in holy water,
having a pure tilak on forehead
wearing the sacred thread: red.

Pray come to our clean place,
have the feast and bless with grace.

The terms - pious crow, holy water, tilak and sacred thread
red are auspicious terms in kashmiri pandit culture .
they show significance of crow, both in kashmiri pandit
mythology and also show care to birds, animals and
environment in general.



Zovi Hanz Kath

Translated

Louse: Greedy Parasite.

All the food and the rice
galloping horse: nice,
the shepherd and its flock
the bride and groom, and their stock -
parasite louse ate it all
into her greedy belly small
went on to have more, still
killed herself by more and more fill.

Parasites eat for a while – till
they go crazy to find end and fall still.



Zov te Kokur

Translated

Parasite's Friend

A cock made friendship with a louse
had a relationship very nice -
both went for a picnic together
foods they carried for each other -
louse felt hungry again and again
finished all foods, nothing to remain,
then sheep, shepherd and the couple in the house
ate this all, and more that came in its way, thence.

Then it went to river, water to drink
water made her heavy to slip, drown and sink.



Kokroo Kakroo

Translated as

Hen Dear Friend Hen

Hen dear friend hen,

“Where are you going, so far”

I am on my way to seki-daffar¹

“What is the job there to be done”

I am to hatch eggs, dear friend hen:

hatch them to have babies, a few

love and live with chicks new.

“How many chicks, you have, now?”

One hundred eleven, but concern you how?

“Please give me one to have and possess”

I have none to give up and dispossess.

Parents may have children one or ten

nobody is ready give up, even one.



¹ a place in down town city

Gagrae Sanz Kathe

Translated as

He and She Mouse

He and she mouse
Lived in a house,
She cooked "kichre"
Tasted the delicacy.

She ate again
Again and again
Ate all of it, to finish -
Now, nothing left in dish.

He mouse asked for food in repeat
She mouse gave excuses, but nothing to eat
He was hungry angry and lost his cool
Hit her hard with a spoon

She got a cut on her ear
He got anxious, up stood his hair
They went begging, shop to shop
To stitch the wound, bleeding to stop.

There was none to help them out
Nobody heeded to their yelp and shout
He and she were thus sad
Since then always feeling bad.



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About the Book :

This is translation of selected Kashmiri poems into English language. The book includes poems of Swache Kral, Parmanand, Krishna Joo Razdan, Master Zinda Kaul, Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor, Dina Nath Nadim, Rahman Rahi, Moti Lal Naz and Bal Krishen Sanyasi. These poets are some of the prominent signatures on the creative poetry of Kashmiri Language. The book has six parts, first part comprises of the poems of more than one poet and each of the next four parts is designated to a poet. The sixth part is translation of some folklores. The limitations and challenges of translation have been met to a great extend in recreating the poems into English language.

About the Poets :

The poets can be called to represent the thought and sentiment of the Kashmir, which is mystic, nature-loving, spiritual, social, philosophical, romantic, political and realistic. The poets, by their poems express the ethos of Kashmiri society. They are among the distinguished poets of kashmiri language. Their contribution forms a part of the most valuable literature of kashmiri language. In addition to the great literary worth of the poems on the national scene, the poems have attracted the attention of scholars and readers, internationally.

About the Translator :

Arvind Shah is a writer – poet – translator; author: S. Chand – Prabhat – Dreamland. His translation book, "Atal Bihari Vajpayee – Selected Poems" has received critical appreciation from many quarters. He has revised: "Wren English Grammar Series". His texts on the illustrations of Tom Arma (NY USA) published in a series of children's books are popular in many parts of the world. He has worked for educational programmes through various national and international organisations, and is presently associated with some literary and social organisations, both in government and non-government sectors to render his expertise and consultancy.

3.7.16 (CD)
Jammu
2016

Transcreate Transmultiplication

Relegio Colours discourse

fallacia of determinism

Before reading the poem
making your opinion -

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**Arvind Shah
with
Rahman Rahi
at Srinagar
(2015)**

Arvind Shah is a good reader of poetry, his translations enable the reader to enter and experience the emotional world of the poetic piece. His translations are crisp.



**Arvind Shah
with
Moti Lal Naz
at Delhi
(2016)**

Arvind Shah writes, "A translation shall be a recreation with sensitivity to the spirit and substance - fragrance and aura of the original, within its form and style." He has within these parameters really done justice to this work of translation. It will be an added asset to the literary world.



**Arvind Shah
with
Bal Krishen Sanyasi
at Jammu
(2014)**

Arvind Shah is a translator, who penetrates deep into the psyche of the imagery of a poet to get himself acquainted with the thought content of the poems, which he translates.

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